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THE CONSTANT LOVERS;

OR,

JEMMY AND NANCY OF YARMOUTH.

PART 1. Shewing how beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth fell in love with young Jemmy the Sailor.—2. How the Father conveyed a letter to destroy young Jemmy, his daughter's sweetheart.—3. Shewing how the Ghost of young Jemmy the Sailor appeared to beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth.—4. How the Ghosts of these two unfortunate Lovers appeared to the boatswain, and he, having his trial, was hanged at the yard's arm.

ALSO,

THE BLOODY GARDENER.

LIKEWISE A BRIEF HISTORY OF

THE EARL OF ESSEX,

A GREAT FAVOURITE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH;

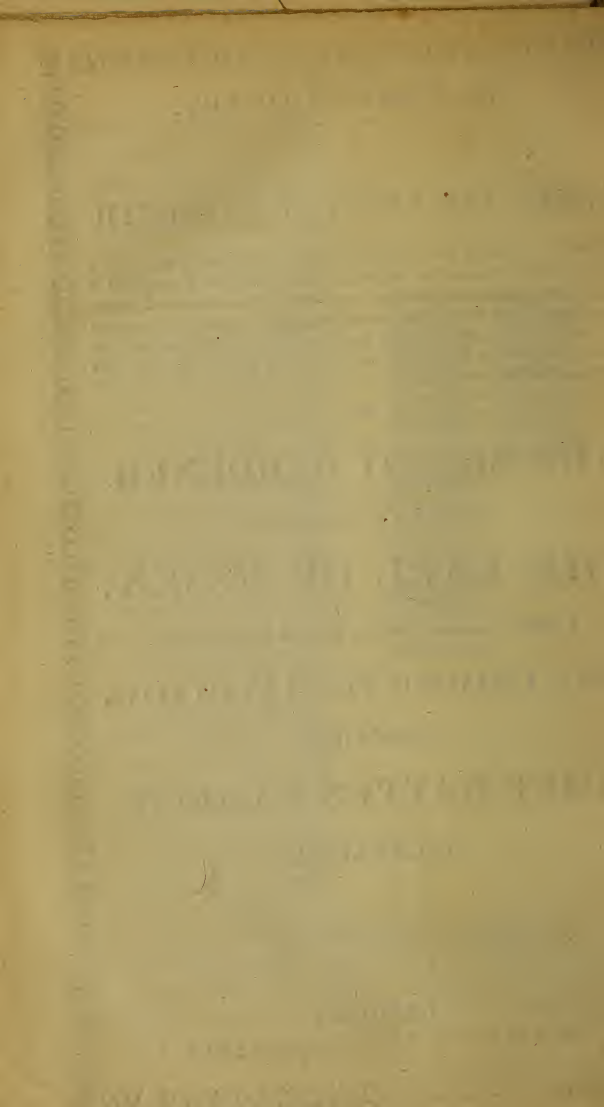
WITH A LAMENTABLE BALLAD ON HIS DEATH.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

DAFT WATTY'S RAMBLE

TO CARLISLE.

GLASGOW :
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.



THE CONSTANT LOVERS;

OR, TRAGICAL LOVES OF

JEMMY AND NANCY OF YARMOUTH.

PART I.

Shewing how beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth fell in love with young
Jemmy the Sailor.

TUNE—"The Yarmouth Tragedy."

LOVERS, I pray, lend an ear to my story,
Take an example by this constant pair;
How love a young virgin did blast in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth we hear.

She was a merchant's only daughter,
Heir unto fifteen hundred a-year;
A young man who courted her call'd her his jewel,
The son of a gentleman who lived near.

Many long years the fair maid he admir'd.
When they were infants in love they agreed:
And when at age this young couple arriv'd,
Cupid an arrow between them display'd.

Their tender hearts were linked together—
But when her parents the same they did hear,
They to their charming young beautiful daughter
Acted a part that was hard and severe.

Daughter, they said, give o'er your proceeding ;
 If that against our consent you do wed,
 For evermore we resolve to disown you,
 If you wed with one that is so mean bred.

Her mother said, you have a great fortune,
 Besides you are beautiful, charming and young ;
 You are a match, dear child, that is fitting
 For any Lord that is in Christendom.

Then did reply the young beautiful virgin,
 Riches and honours I both do defy,
 If that I'm denied of my dearest lover,
 Then farewell, world ! which is all vanity.

Jemmy's the man that I do admire,
 He is the riches that I do adore ;
 For to be greater I never desire,
 My heart is fix'd, never to love more.

Then, said her father, 'tis my resolution,
 Although I have no more daughters but thee,
 If that with him you resolve for to marry,
 Banish'd for ever from me thou shalt be.

Well, cruel father, but this I desire,
 Grant me that Jemmy once more I may see,
 Though you do us part I still will be loyal,
 For none in the world I admire but he.

For the young man he sent in a passion,
 Saying, for ever, Sir, now take your leave ;
 I have a match more fit for my daughter,
 Therefore it is but a folly to grieve.

Honoured father, then said the young lady,
 Promis'd we are by the powers above .

Why of all comforts will you bereave me,
Our love is fix'd never to be remov'd.

Then said her father a trip to the ocean,
You first shall go in a ship of my own,
And I'll consent you shall have my daughter,
When to Yarmouth again you return.

Honoured Sir, then said the two lovers,
Since 'tis your will we are bound to obey,
Our constant hearts can never be parted,
But our eager desires no longer can stay.

Then said kind Nancy, behold, dearest Jemmy,
Here take this ring, the pledge of our vows,
With it my heart, keep it safe in your bosom,
Carry it with you wherever you go.

Then in his arms he close did enfold her,
While chrystal tears like a fountain did flow ;
Crying, my heart in return I do give you,
And you shall be present wherever I go.

When on the ocean, my dear, I am sailing,
The thoughts of my jewel the compass shall steer ;
These tedious long days speedily time will devour,
And bring me home again safe to my dear.

Therefore be constant, my dear lovely jewel,
For, by the Heavens ! if you are untrue,
My troubled ghost shall torment you for ever,
Dead or alive, I will have none but you.

Her lovely arms round his neck then she twined,
And saying, my dear, when you are on the seas,
If the fates unto us should prove cruel,
That we each other no more ever see

No man alive shall ever enjoy me--

Soon as the tidings of death reach my ear,
Then, like a poor unfortunate lover,
Down to the grave I will go to my dear.

Then with a sorrowful sigh he departed,
The wind next morning blew a pleasant gale
All things being ready, the fam'd Mary Galley,
Then for Barbadoes she straightway set sail.

PART II.

How the Father conveyed a letter to destroy young Jemmy his
daughter's sweetheart.

JEMMY was floating upon the wide ocean,
And her cruel parents were plotting the while,
How that the heart of their beautiful daughter,
With cursed gold should strive to beguile.

Many a Lord of fame, birth, and breeding,
Came to court this young beautiful maid ;
But their rich presents and proffers she slighted,
Constant I'll be to my jewel, she said.

Now for a while we will leave this fair maiden,
And tell how things with her did go ;
In fair Barbadoes the ship fairly arrived,
But now observe this lover's overthrow.

Young Jemmy was comely in every feature,
A Barbadoes Lady, whose fortune was great,
So fixed her eyes, that she cry'd, if I have not
This brave English sailor, I die for his sake.

She dressed herself in gallant attire,
With costly diamonds she plaited her hair,

And a hundred slaves well dressed to attend her,
 She sent for this young man to come to her.

Come, noble sailor, she cry'd, can you fancy
 A lady whose riches are very great,
 A hundred slaves you shall have to attend you,
 And music to charm you in your silent sleep.

In robes of gold, my dear, I will deck you,
 Pearls and rich jewels I'll lay at your feet,
 In a chariot of gold you shall ride for your pleasure
 If you can fancy me, answer me straight.

Amazed with wonder, awhile he stood gazing,
 - Forbear, noble lady, at length he replied,
 In flourishing England I've vow'd to a lady,
 At my return for to make her my bride.

She is a charming, young, beautiful creature,
 She has my heart, and I can love no more ;
 I bear in my eye her sweet lovely feature,
 No other creature in earth I'll adore.

Hearing of this she did rave in distraction,
 Crying, unfortunate maid, thus to love
 One that does basely slight all my glory,
 And of my person he will not approve.

Lords of renown, I their favours have slighted,
 Now I must die for a sailor so bold :
 I must not blame him because he is constant,
 True love, I know, is far better than gold.

A costly jewel she instantly gave him,
 'Then in her trembling hand took a knife,
 One fatal stroke, before they could save her,
 Quickly did put an end to her life.

Great lamentation was made for this lady—
 Jemmy on board the ship he did steer ;
 And then to England he homeward came sailing,
 With a longing desire to meet with his dear.

But when her father found he was returning,
 A letter he wrote to the boatswain, his friend,
 Saying, a handsome reward I will give you,
 If you the life of young Jemmy will end.

Void of all grace, and for sake of the money,
 The cruel boatswain the same did complete,
 As they on the deck were lovingly walking,
 He suddenly tumbled him into the deep.

PART III.

Shewing how the Ghost of young Jemmy the Sailor appeared to
 beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth.

In dead of the night, when all were asleep,
 His troubled ghost to his love did appear,
 Crying, Arise, you beautiful Nancy,
 Perform the vow you made to your dear.

You are my own, therefore tarry no longer,
 Seven long years for your sake did I stay ;
 Hymen does wait for to crown us with pleasure,
 The bride guests are ready, then come away.

She cry'd, Who is there under my window ?
 Surely it is the voice of my dear :
 Lifting her head off her downy pillow,
 Straight to the casement she then did repair.

By light of the moon, which brightly was shining,
 She espied her lover, who to her did say,

Your parents are sleeping, before they awaken,
 Stir, my dear creature, and straight come away

O Jemmy, she cried, if my father should hear thee,
 We shall be ruin'd, pray therefore repair,
 At the sea-side I will instantly meet you,
 With my two maids I will come to you there.

Her night-gown, embroidered with gold and silver;
 Carelessly round her body she throws,
 With the two maidens who did attend her,
 To meet her true-love she instantly goes.

Close in his arms the spirit did enfold her,
 Jemmy, she said, you are colder than clay;
 Sure you can never be the man I admire,
 Paler than death you appear unto me.

Yes, fairest creature, I am your true lover,
 Dead or alive, you know you are mine:
 I come for my vow, my dear, you must follow
 My body now to a cold watery tomb.

I for your sake refus'd gold and silver,
 Beauty and riches for you I despis'd,
 A charming young lady for me did expire,
 For thinking of you I was deaf to her cries.

Your cruel parents have been my undoing,
 And I do sleep in a watery tomb,
 Now for your promise, my dear, I am suing,
 Dead or alive, love, you are my own.

PART IV.

Now the Ghosts of these two unfortunate Lovers appeared to the Boatswain, and he, having his trial, was hanged at the yard's arm.

**The trembling lady was sorely affrighted,
Amazed, she stood near the brink of the sea,
With eyes lift to heaven, she cried, Cruel parents,
Heaven requite you for your cruelty.**

**Indeed I promis'd, my dearest creature,
Dead or alive, I would be his own ;
Now to perform my solemn vow I am ready,
And to follow him to his watery tomb.**

**The maids they heard the sad lamentation,
But the apparition indeed could not see :
Thinking the lady was fallen into distraction,
They strove to persuade her contented to be.**

**But still she cried, My dear, I am coming,
And in thy bosom I'll soon fall asleep :
When she had spoke, this unfortunate lady
Suddenly plunged herself into the deep.**

**But when to her father the maids told the matter,
He wrung his hands, crying, What have I done?
Oh ! dearest child, it was thy cruel father
That did provide thee a watery tomb.**

**Two or three days then being expir'd,
These two unfortunate lovers were seen,
In each others arms they together were floating,
By the side of a ship, on the watery main.**

**The cruel boatswain was stricken with horror,
Straight did confess the sad deed he had done—**

Shewing the letter that came from her father
Which was the cause of these true-lovers' doom.

On board the ship he was tried for the murder,
At the yard's arm was hang'd for the same,
Her father he soon broke his heart for his daughter,
Before the ship into the harbour then came.

The cursed gold has caused destruction,
Why should the rich covet after gain?
I hope this story it will be a warning,
That cruel parents may ne'er do the same.

True love is better than jewels and treasure,
Riches can never buy true love, I know;
But this young couple they lov'd without measure,
Love was the occasion of their overthrow.

THE

BLOODY GARDENER'S TRAGEDY.

You constant lovers all, pray lend an ear
To this relation which I bring you here ;
 'Tis of a maiden fair,
 A Shepherd's daughter dear,
True love did prove her overthrow.

She was of beauty bright, both fair and clear,
And by a noble lord she courted were ;
 She was too young, we find,
As yet fond love to mind,
But little Cupid her heart did ensnare.

His parents were very high now in degree,
They said, My son, she is no match for thee :
 If you'd our blessing have,
 Grant us but what we crave,
Pray wed none but to whom we shall agree.

For you, my son, I've chose a charming bride,
She's young, and rich, and beautiful beside ;
 Of temper kind and free,
 This match I choose for thee—
A shepherd's daughter of so mean degree !

If that by us you'll not be rul'd or led,
 From our presence you shall be banished ;
 No more we will you own,
 For to be our son ;
 O! let our will be done, or we'll end the strife.

Madam, if I a begging with you should go,
 Contented should I be in doing so,
 So that I could but have
 The girl that I crave—
 No cursed gold should part my dear and me.

Was she as poor as Job, and I of royal line,
 And lord of all the globe, she should be mine ;
 His mother said, in scorn,
 My son is noble born,
 And with a beggar's brat shall ne'er be join'd.

He hearing of his mother saying so
 Tears from his eyes in fountains did flow ;
 A promise I have made,
 Her heart I have betray'd,
 No other for my bride you e'er shall see.

A snare then for her precious life she laid,
 And for to act the thing which she then did
 With her gardener she agreed,
 To do this bloody deed,
 Her butcher for to be and dig her grave.

To the bloody gardner, she gave eighty pound,
 To murder her, and lay her under ground ;
 All in a grave so deep,
 In everlasting sleep,
 That her fair body never might be found.

He wrote a letter, and sent it with speed,
 Saying, My dearest love, with haste proceed,

Meet me to night, my dear,
 Something I will declare :
 Poor soul ! she little thinking of the deed.

She threw the letter down and run with speed,
 Thinking to meet her own true love indeed ;
 She search'd the garden round,
 But no true love she found :
 At length the bloody gardener did appear.

What business have you here, madam, I pray ?
 O, are you come to rob my garden gay ?
 She said, no thief I am,
 I wait for a young man,
 Who did appoint this night to meet me here.

He nothing more did say, but took a knife,
 And bade her straight prepare to lose her life :
 She on her knees did fall,
 And to heaven did call,
 O ! welcome, welcome death, my fatal stroke !

Was this done, my dear, by your design ?
 Or was it by your parents, most unkind,
 My life is thus betray'd ?
 Farewell ! fond love she said,
 I hope in heaven I a place shall find !

The bloody gardener found her life was gone,
 Dead in the ground he laid her body down ;
 With flowers fine and gay,
 The grave did overlay,
 Thinking her fair body never might be found.

This youthful lord, indeed, did little know,
 Next day to see his own true love did go ;
 No shepherdess was there,
 All round the vallies fair,
 The pretty lambs were wand'ring to and fro,

lamenting for their tender shepherdess,
 When he laid him down upon the grass,
 The Heavens he did implore,
 That he might see her once more,
 O! then ye gods, says he, I shall be bless'd.

Where shall I go to find that angel bright?
 He is the pleasure of my heart's delight:
 Oh! if alive she be,
 Once more let me her see,
 Or else my soul shall quickly take its flight.

The woods and groves with him did seem to mourn,
 The small birds they did sing a mournful tune
 Saying, Your true love is gone,
 And you are left alone:
 When on a mossy bank he laid him down.

He had no sooner clos'd his eyes to rest,
 But a milk-white dove did hover on his breast;
 The fluttering wings did bear
 Which wak'd him from his sleep,
 And then the dove took flight, and he was left.

Now wailing for his love, in sad despair,
 To his mother's garden he then did repair,
 Where the dove again he did see
 Sitting on a myrtle tree,
 With drooping wings it did sorrowful appear.

Thou Dove so innocent, Why did you come,
 O have you lost your mate, as I have done?
 No shepherdess was there,
 All round the vallies fair,
 The pretty lambs were wand'ring to and fro.

And on the virgin did seem to go,
 Out of her milk-white breast the blood did flow;

To the place it did repair,
 But no true-love was there ;
 Then frightened to his mother he did go :

And told what unto him there did appear,
 Saying, I fear you have kill'd my dear ;
 For a dove I do declare,
 Did all in blood appear,
 And if she is dead, I'll have my share.

His mother hearing of what he did say,
 Did turn as pale as death, and swoon'd away :
 She in distraction run,
 And told him what she'd done,
 And where the virgin's body it was laid.

He nothing more did say, but took a knife,
 Farewell the joy and pleasure of my life :
 He unto the garden flew,
 And pierc'd his body through ;
 It was cursed gold that caus'd the strife !

These lovers in one silent tomb were laid,
 And many a briny tear for them was paid :
 The gardener, as we hear,
 Was apprehended there,
 And now all three are in their silent grave.

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF

ROBERT DEVERAUX, EARL OF ESSEX,

A GREAT FAVOURITE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH ;

With a Lamentable Ballad on his Death.

ROBERT DEVEREAUX, Earl of Essex, was in every respect qualified for a soldier, but the most unfit man in the world for a courtier. He was very young when his father died ; and was not taken notice of till the year 1589, a twelvemonth after the destruction of the Armada, at which time he hired some ships, and bore Drake company in an expedition he was going upon.—In 1591 he began to grow into favour, and was that year sent to the assistance of the king of France, with some forces under his command, and acquired much fame, so that in 1597 he was sent admiral of an expedition into America. On his return he grew high in the queen's favour, and grew so insolent upon it as often to contradict her ; but this never so arrogantly as in the year 1598, when the queen consulted with three or four counsellors about sending a superintendant of the affairs of Ireland into that kingdom. The queen had thoughts of Sir William

Knowles, uncle to Essex; but he as strenuously stood up for Sir George Carew; but with this the queen would not comply, when he, in a contemptuous manner, turned his back upon her, which she immediately resented by hitting him a box on the ear. The earl now laid his hand upon his sword, but the others interposing, he was obliged to retreat. Essex afterwards made submission, and was again received into favour. At this time the rebellion in Ireland was grown to a great height, and the lord-deputy being dead, several were proposed to be sent thither, when Essex hinted he should be glad of that command, to which the queen consented. He accordingly went with a large army, and an unlimited general commission, and soon appointed the Earl of Southampton as acting general. The intention of the government was, that Tir-Owen, the most formidable of the rebels, should be immediately attacked; but the whole summer was spent in the pursuit of some rebels of little note.—This conduct obliged the queen to send him some very sharp letters, which he highly resented. At length he ordered the army to march against Tir-Owen; but instead of coming to a battle, he held a private parley with that rebel, and concluded a truce with him for six weeks, renewable at the end of that time for six weeks more, and so on. But finding his conduct disliked in England, he hastened thither, leaving Ireland without orders; upon which he was put into custody at the lord keeper's house. After six months' confinement he was suffered to go to his own house. The queen now proceeded against him, but would not suffer him to be impeached in the star-chamber, lest they should accuse him of high treason, or fine him considerably. She appointed a select commission to try him at the lord-keepers, where, after a long hearing, they determin-

ed he should lose his places, and remain in confinement during the queen's pleasure. Had his behaviour, during his confinement, answered the mildness with which he was treated, he no doubt would soon have been restored to favour; but he was too hot-headed, and those about him gave him wrong counsel: they told him the ministers were his enemies, and since he could not by fair means, he ought to endeavour to remove them by force.

Essex and his colleagues, now formed a design of seizing upon the palace, and in it the queen and her counsel, and also upon the Tower and the city of London; but being suspected, he was summoned before the council, and refused to appear, under a pretence of indisposition. Finding his measures entirely broken, on the 8th of February, 1600, being Sunday, and early in the morning, he had got some noblemen and about 300 gentlemen with him. The news of this being brought to the queen, she sent the lord keeper, with three more of the council, to learn the meaning of so tumultuous a convention; but instead of answering them, he put them into custody, till he could get into the city, expecting to find every body there would join him; but in this he was entirely deceived, as not one person would take up arms. He was now proclaimed a traitor, and a party of the queen's meeting him near St Paul's, there was a skirmish, in which some few were killed, and Essex was obliged to retreat by water. He went to his own house, which he fortified in some measure, but in vain. The great ordnance was brought against him, and, after a short defence, in which some lives were lost, he surrendered and was brought to trial, with Southampton, before his peers, impeached of high treason, convicted, and condemned. Southampton was saved; but Essex, on the 25th, (being Ash-Wednesday) was privately executed in the Tower.

Some writers have asserted, that of all the queen's paramours, Essex was her greatest favourite; that on a certain occasion she presented him with a diamond ring, as a token of her love and esteem, and told him, that if at any time he should be placed in difficult circumstances, on sending her this ring, she would do her utmost to relieve him. But unfortunately for him, in the time of his greatest need, he possessed not this token of her affection—a beautiful lady of quality, whom he loved more than the queen, having previously got it from him. Some time after the death of Essex, the queen was informed of the lady who had the ring, when she hastened to her house, where she found her in bed, in a dying state, and dragged her from thence on to the floor by the hair of the head, uttering bitter reflections and imprecations on her for her conduct.—The queen never recovered her wonted cheerfulness after this affair, but was more retired, and less attentive to public business. Her spirits became more and more depressed, till the spring of 1603, when death put a period to her sufferings.

THE BALLAD.

ALL you that cry O Hone! O Hone!
 Come now and sing O Hone with me,
 For why, our Jewel is from us gone,
 The valiant Knight of Chivalry:
 Of rich and poor belov'd was he,
 In time an honourable Knight,
 When by our laws condemn'd to die,
 He lately took his last good night.

Count him not like to Champion,
 Those traiterous men of Babington,
 Nor like the Earl of Westmoreland,
 By whom a number were undone :
 He never yet hurt mother's son—
 His quarrel still maintain'd the right,
 The salt, salt tears my face run down,
 When I think on his last good night.

The Portugals can witness be,
 His dagger at Lisbon-gate he flung,
 And, like a Knight of Chivalry,
 His chain upon the gates he hung :
 I would to God that he would come,
 To fetch them back in order right,
 Which thing was by his honour done,
 Yet lately took his last good night.

The Frenchmen they can testify,
 The town of Gournay he took in,
 And march'd to Rome immediately,
 Not caring for his foes a pin :
 With bullets then he pierc'd their skin,
 And made them fly before his sight ;
 He then that time did credit win,
 And now hath ta'en his last good night.

Would God he ne'er had Ireland known,
 Nor set one foot on Flanders ground,
 Then might we well enjoy our own,
 But oh, our jewel can not be found—
 Which makes our trickling tears abound,
 Washing our cheeks—a mournful sight ;
 Still, still his name in our ears doth sound,
 But now he's ta'en his last good night !

DAFT WATTY'S RAMBLE TO CARLISLE.

~~~~~

If you ax me where I come frae, I say the fell syde  
Where fadder and mudder, and honest fwok beyde  
And my sweetheart, O bless her! she thought nye  
like me,

For when she shuik hands, the tears gush'd frae  
her e'e,

Says I "I mun e'en get a spot if I can,  
But whatever betide me, I'll think o' thee, Nan!

Nan was a perfect beauty, wi' twee cheeks lik  
codlin blossoms; the verra seet on her made m  
mouth a' water, "Fares-te-weel, Watty!" say  
she; "tou's a wag amang lasses, and I'll see the  
nae mair!"—Nay, dunnet growl, Nan, says I—

"For, mappen, er lang, I'se be maister mysel';  
Sae we buss'd, and I tuik a last luik at the fell;  
On I whussl'd and wander'd: my bundle I flung  
O'er my shoulder, when Cowley he efter me sprung  
And howl'd, silly fellow! and fawn'd at my fit,  
As if to say, Watty, we munnet part yet!  
At Carel I stuid wi' a strae i' my mouth,  
And they tuik me, nae doubt, for a promis'  
youth;—

The weyves com round me in clusters—"Wi'  
weage dus te ax, canny lad?" says yen. "Wi'

three pun and a crown; wunnet beate a hair o' my beard." "What can te dui?" says anudder. "Dui—wey I cun plough, sow, mow, shear, thresh, dike, milk, kurn, muck a byer, sing a psalm, mend cargear, dance a whornpype, nick a nag's tail, hunt a brock, or feight iver a yen o' my weight in aw Croglin parish."

An auld bearded hussy suin caw'd me her man;  
But that day, I may say't, aw my sorrow began.

Furst, Cowley, peur fellow! they hang'd i' the  
street,  
And skinn'd, God forgie them! for shoon to their  
feet,

I cry'd, and they caw'd me poor half witted clown,  
And banter'd and follow'd me all up and down;  
Neist my deam she e'en starv'd me that ever liv'd  
weel,

Her hard words and luiks wad hae freeten'd the  
de'il.

She had a lang beard, for aw t'warl' like a billy-goat, wi' a kiln-dried frosty face, and then the snawest leg o' mutton in aw Carel market sarved the cat, me and her for a week. The bairns meade sec gam on us, and thundered at the rapper, as if to waken a corp; when I opened the duir, they threw stour i' my e'en, and caw'd me daft Watty;

Sae I pack'd up my duds when my quarter was out,  
And, wi' weage i' my pocket, I saunter'd about.

Suin my reet hand breek pocket they pick'd in a  
fray,  
And wi' fifteen white shillings they slipp'd clean  
away,

Forby my twee letters frae mudder and Nan,  
Where they said Carel lasses wad Watty trapan;

Ay, there were some forgery chaps had me just sign my neame. "Nay," says I, "you've gotten a wrang pig by the lug, for I cannot write!" Then a fellow like a lobster, aw leac'd and feathered, ax't me, "Watty, wull te list? thou's either bo a general or gomerall." Nay, I winnet, that's plain; I's content wi' a cwot a' mudder's spinnin; "

Now, wi' twee groats and tuppence, I'll e'en toddle  
heame,

But ne'er be a swodger, while Watty's my neame,  
Now my mudder 'll gowel, and my fadder 'll stare,  
When I tell them poor Cowley they'll never see  
mair;

Then they'll bring me a stuil; as for Nan she'll be  
fain,

To see I'm return'd to my friends yence again;—  
The barn and the byer, and the auld hollow trec,  
Will just seem like cronies yen's fidgin to see;

The sheep aw ken Watty's voice now. The  
peat-stack we used to lake round 'ill be burnt ere  
this! As for Nan, she'll be owther married or  
broken-hearted ere now. An' aw be weel, we'll  
hae sic fun, sic fiddlin, dancin, drinkin, singin,  
and smeukin, till aw's blue with us—

Amang aw our neybor's see wonders I'll tell,  
And never mair leave my auld friends or the fell.

THE END.





